

Northwestern PURPLE PARROT

FEBRUARY - 1931

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THE SYLLABUS, *official yearbook*

M S, *quarterly literary magazine*

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Partner: "Robbing a fraternity house."

Burglar: "Lose anything?"

South Dakota "Wet Hen."

"Why is it that brilliant women don't have anything to do with men?"

"Because geniuses are born, not made."

Washington "Dirge."

He: "Something seems to be wrong with this engine, it——"

She: "Don't be foolish; wait until we get off this main road."

Washington "Dirge."

Some

girls are
like this
and others

are
like
this
but

all of them end up this way.

"Exchange."

HONOR BE UPHELD

Life Guard (with girl in his arms):
"Sir, I have just resuscitated your daughter."

Irate Parent. "Then, by gad, you'll marry her."

Mountain "Goat."

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OOH!

"Who's in that garden?"

"Only us pansies."

Dartmouth "Jack O'Lantern."

"Well, how did you find your girl last night?"

"Oh, I just opened the door marked 'Women' and there she was."

"Exchange."

PROMISE

He (to blind date): "Will you go home if I kiss you?"

She: "Yes."

He: "Can I depend on that."

Penn State "Froth."

Host (appearing on darkened veranda): "Are you young folks enjoying yourselves?"

(Absolute silence).

Host (returning indoors): "That's fine."

"Life."

THE ONLY WAY

Voice from car: "Shay, offisher, ish thish the way to go to the football game?"

Badge Bearer: "You bet. And if I wasn't a cop, I'd go that way, too."

Cornell "Widow."

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* * *

When the University of Edinburgh plays football (if it does), do you know what the thrifty spectators use for a yell? Oh, you've probably heard that one. But if you haven't ask Tommy Airth the answer.

* * *

Everybody on campus seems pretty much delighted at the new low prices of theme and notebook paper—and those other College Room specials we've been telling you about in The Daily.

Do you know you can get a sheep-lined coat in the Athletic Department for \$8? And a swell warm lumberjack coat (for skating) at \$6.95? It's a sale—and How!

* * *

And the Book Department (not textbooks) has \$2, \$3 and \$5 books for \$1. The kind you'll want in your permanent collection.

* * *

That's all for this time. Go on and read the jokes now.



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Close study makes such a demand upon the eyes that students who need glasses and do not wear them, frequently jeopardize their eyesight, and the evil results are felt chiefly in after years. If you need glasses, obtain them without delay.

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PATRONIZE

PURPLE PARROT

ADVERTISERS

IMMODEST

Matronly North: "Please be careful, sir, I can see your whole hand!"

Modern East: "I beg your pardon, madame. Henceforth I shall wear gloves while playing bridge."

Pitt "Panther."

"You're an apt boy; is your sister apt, too?"

"If she gets a chance she's apt to."
Clarkson "Green Griffin."

Red Agitator: "Down with capitalism!"

Joe College: "And punctuation too!"
Colgate "Banter."

Frosh (at first sorority party): "May I sit on your right hand at dinner?"

Hostess: "I may need it to eat with, but you can hold it awhile."

Orange "Peel."

His Honor: "What's the charge?"

Officer: "Drunken and disorderly conduct."

His Honor: "Where do you live?"

Prisoner: "Harvard dormitories."

H. H.: "Turn him over to the matron."

M. I. T. "Voo Doo."



Here's a little something that needs a little shaking!

Some like them fancy and some just don't "go for them"—it's a matter of taste—but our point is that you'd be surprised at the number of odd things that may be found at Olsen & Ebann. Come in and browse around—maybe we can be of some service to you.

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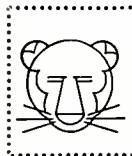
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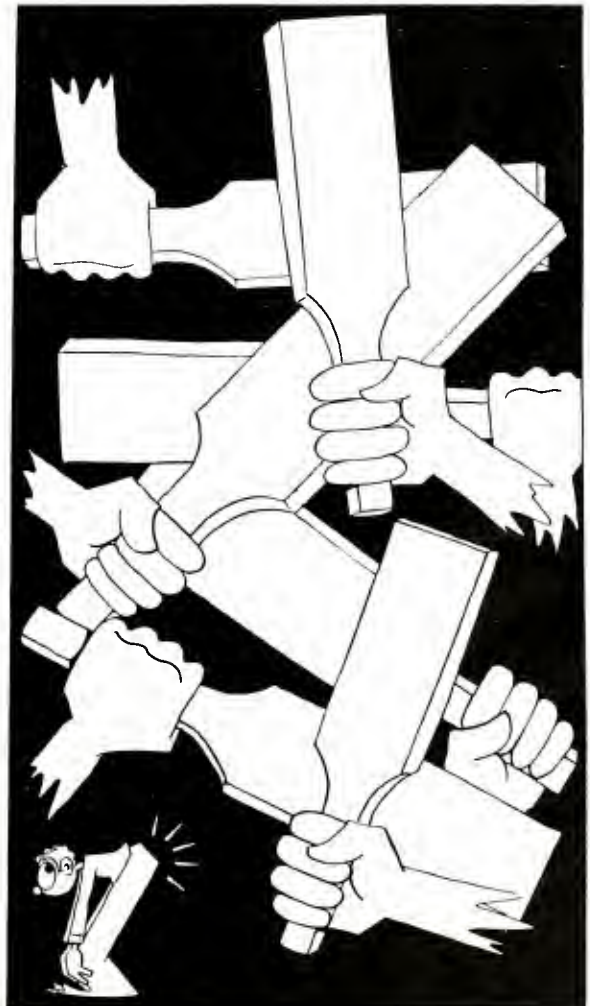
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NEW CHEVROLET SIX

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THE FRATERNAL NUMBER



*Dedicated to the suffering pledge whose tail is
no idle one.*

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY PURPLE PARROT

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ART EDITOR
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Earl M. Johnson

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Maxine Board
Eleanor Steckler

ART STAFF
Albert B. Moore
Betty Ross

EXCHANGE EDITOR
Shirlee Frederick

CONTRIBUTORS
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Konstant J. Savickus

Faye A. Gullett
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David Nowinson

Maxwell Corbett
Bernard Beck

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OPINIONATED MEDITATION

A FICTION STORY

NOT LONG ago a happy-looking fellow rushed up to us, considerably excited.

"I just heard you're going to run a fraternity issue," he said. "Now you can pan 'em plenty, eh? Snobs, silly mystics and all that? Now you can show 'em an idea or two about their cocky 'exclusive fellowship?'"

"But Joe, you've got the wrong slant on things," we assured him, as his face fell. "Let's sit down and try to look at the other side of the question."

"You don't like fraternity fellows. But they really stand for the finest things on campus, don't they? As pledges they are introduced to an ideal that inspires them. They carry it through college and life. Loyalty, sportsmanship, the foundation of character—"

"Say, what is this, an alumni meeting?" Joe interrupted. He was too biased to listen. "Fraternity boys don't try to be students," he began. "They're young business men. They carry

around a lot of bosh in their heads about fighting spirit, will-to-win, initiative, plugging and all that rot, and about all the intellectual capacity they want is to be able to meet and impress people (like business-men) and plan and organize and co-operate and go out for activities and be energetic and smother any bit of intellectual personality they might have."

"Hold on a bit, Joe," we cut in, because "hold on" is a pompous and courteous way of saying "shut up, you ass."

"Hold on for what? I started this, so let me finish. I say that fraternities, even though they reflect on the social system rather than on any particular groups of common, mediocre, athletic-minded fellows, I say that fraternities do not fit in with the things universities are pulling for, and fraternities with their clandestine pow-wows are doomed. Remember the stories about rushing in the '90's, when the college town would dress up and pay homage to the spirit of brotherhood? We don't hear about that sort of stuff now. But although fraternity life has lost most of its remarkable tang and ebullience, the boys who exchange the secret grip are still too clever to learn anything, except how



to develop personality (a noisy manner), leadership (crust), devotion and loyalty (romantic sentimentality)!"

"Well," we admitted after this outburst, "Fraternity men like to live together, exchange ideas and give mutual help in practical affairs. They—"

Joe laughed out loud.

"Exchange ideas?" he roared. "Why, you poor sap, the only thing they exchange is dates and answers to exams and childish tricks and a lot of bull-session hot-air! They wear a fancy pin, and swell up and strut about, confident that if no one notices them they can at least make a lot of noise and admire themselves."

"Is it your business," we asked, "how people get on as long as they enjoy themselves?"

"Not unless they are hypocrites. And the most of these midget minds are noisy hypocrites."

"I think these men spend four happy and healthy years in their houses."

"And what else?" Joe asked. For a moment we were at a loss to answer.

"Well—"

"Look what a fellow needs in order to be pledged."

"Per—"

"Personality? Too vague. In correct order, you need alumni influence, athletic ability, and money. And maybe a steady voice to sing the carols. These are what the leading fraternities demand. The others are glad to put up a decent front to capture the less desirables. And when they get in, they become so lofty and narrow-minded that they can date only with women on the prescribed social lists. They—let me ask you one question? . . . Do you think that anyone really excited about learning what the university has to offer, would join a fraternity, where the daily talk consists of girls, shows, dances, personal inflation and games?"

We said "Yes," and he glared for a second, shook his head and walked off. The fellow is hopelessly prejudiced. His mind must be, if he does not want to see that fraternities really stand for most of the finest things on campus—if one belongs to one.

SELLING ONE'S SOUL

ON THIS campus, or on any campus, there are two types of unorganized men and women: (1) those who voluntarily scorn affiliation, and (2) those who have no choice in the matter. The organized individual, however, makes little or no such distinction. To him, all individuals not sheltered by fraternities or sororities comprise the *hoi polloi* of college. That is, the theoretically eligible are damned together with the proven ineligible. Unorganized connotes unwanted.

We shall not dwell on the worthiness, or lack of it, of the standards set up by organized houses, by which an individual is judged. Suffice to say, one who fails to merit the approval of an affiliated group must be deficient in some social aptitude as conceived by that group. Therefore, strong is the moral courage of any person who can voluntarily remain "independent"—for he or she automatically becomes classed by the general society as a probable reject. And contemporary opinion is a most powerful influence on most of us; surely one should be commended if he subjugate his desire for public favor to

the conviction of his principles, whatever these may be.

For most, however, the force of social opinion is too great. They may realize that an organized life is far from their tastes, but prestige is too gaudy an ornament to be voluntarily abandoned. Especially is this true among the women. A woman who can decline the bid of any sorority merely because she wishes to remain unhampered must possess a strength of character above the average. Certainly to wilfully decrease her social advantages is a condition incompatible to feminine psychology, particularly in this highly competitive community. We have always felt an intrinsic interest in the socially eligible woman who has successfully withstood the temptations as offered by the sorority; that here was one feminine mind somewhat stronger than the rest.

We have often heard our contemporaries decrying that fraternities and sororities are great nuisances, and, really, they *would* be "on their own"; but, after all, one has to maintain one's social advantages, you know. We believe that these would find far happier college days unfettered by the stern traditions, customs, and regulations of their houses—if they could develop indifference to the organized mob. It seems that, in a manner of speaking, they have sold their souls.

IN HOLY BROTHERHOOD

IF YOU ask any fraternity man or sorority maiden why a fraternity exists in the sense of fraternity and sorority, both will tell you, quite emphatically, the function of the fraternity is Socialization.

Theoretically then, the fraternities should seek out those students who are least intelligent, least sociable, least athletic, least desirable in any sense of the word, and most introverted. Then, the fraternity would take the rough edges off the rough diamonds who come to college, and thus fulfill their education to the greatest possible development. But an ideal of this far-fetched nature is entirely too incompatible with human nature.

Therefore, we find the fraternity functioning in exactly the reverse manner; it seeks out those individuals who are the most highly polished social creatures, and it is a select group of this nature that bands itself in holy brotherhood. Where then is the justification for the Socialization function? Merely another rationalization to vindicate man's baser motives by the adoption of nobler ones. And admittedly the quest for individual prestige is a baser motive than the quest for Socialization.

Primarily, the function of the social fraternity, on the basis of its present activities, is to further the individual prestige of the members, by the merging of their respective capabilities, so to speak. And so we find the greatest virtue of a fraternity is its high rating; conversely, the greatest sin of a fraternity is its lack of rating. Groups that represent these extremes do not mix—morganistic tendencies are subjugated, sometimes by official action, amongst the high-rating fraternities. As elsewhere in human society definite castes exist, and the excuse of Socialization is the sublimation of class distinction.

Someone once said that the unconscious tendency of inferior minds is to organize themselves for mutual benefit, in order to maintain the individual's place in the intellectual world; and that the superior mind strikes out for itself, scorning such hindrances as organized affiliations. But of course this is a generalization far too dogmatic to be at all seriously considered.



RING OUT— BELLS OF JOY

I HAD just been pledged. Joy reigned in my soul as I went to bed that night in the Sigma Nu house for the first time.

The next morning I awoke—supremely happy. And appropriately enough it was a glorious day. There were long grasses swaying in the breeze. Gentle trees curved gracefully upwards and beamed to me below. Pretty flowers dotted the surroundings here and there. A riot of striking colors greeted my joyous eye. Above me were pairs of love birds fluttering about their quaint nests. A glorious paradise!

"Wonderful," thought I as I lay contentedly in my bed, "never have I seen such *wonderful* wall-paper."

F. N.

FATE

ONE semester
A young pledge
Went to college
And never studied.
Never went to
Classes more than
Once a week,
And spent most
Of his time
In sororities.
A young pledge
Went to college
One semester.

DISCOVERY

"Dear Editor: I always wondered where the snakes went when St. Peter drove them out of Ireland. After living three months in a sorority I have found out."



"No, sir, I'm not from the Beta House—I'm going to a Hobo Party."

SORORITY, LADY

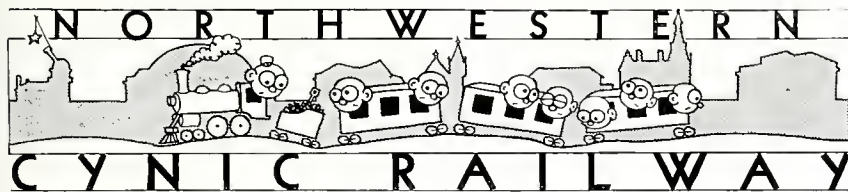
YOU belong to a sorority.
Thank God, you hail from some sorority.
Sorority, sorority, I like the name Sorority.
To you who hail from some sorority, I write these honest lines.

You may have lips which have sunk no ship,
You may have hips like a whale with the grippe,
You're a hell of a theme for a dream.
And the smiles and legs of a cow;
The delicate grace of a 48 wais',
The white of a face as black as an ace.
You may be lean, you may be mean,
You may be as brainy as ice-cold pop.
Your voice, methinks, is a dime's worth of scream,
And people say that the dimple on your nose
Is more like a hose than a beautiful rose.

But what care I, sorority person?
What care I, sorority wench?
Can't you see, just to me—
Yes, to me, can't you see?
You're Marthy MacDougal, house mother.
A. A. E.



Voice behind door: "Hey, get me a date—I haven't a thing on for tonight!"



WE BLUSH as we see this inspired caption from our good Daily! Tsk! Tsk! O Reverend, how could you?

"Reverend Shows Position of Wives in Marital State."

When our deepest experiences and desires are touched, do we not become enthusiastic? So, too, do all our students, according to our Daily:

"Doctor Magnus Hirshfeld, who is the most outstanding authority on homosexuality, gave an illustrated lecture before an enthusiastic audience. . . 'Sexual Inversion' was the topic."

We are disillusioned. To think that our own Dean of Women, that protector of our feminine virtue, should so basely betray us. O, O, O, now we shall fall into the sins of iniquity. . .

"Dean Florence Robnett said: ' . . . In some cases it is well to have some experience before entering the field of matrimony, and in others it is better not to wait.'"

Alas, our gentle soul is grieved to see how our good Daily has fallen into the evils of Materialism. Ah, this ignoble age!

"Booes and hisses do not cost one-half the effort that a well-organized cheer requires, and aside from the one or two points awarded the other team by an angered referee, the cost of jeering is negligible. . . We may follow a principle of conduct, if that principle is stated thus: 'Get yours while the getting's good!'"

Poor Mr. Al Capone! Now they heap classroom evils upon his fair brow. Has the man no surcease from persecution? Nay, not while our critical Daily can see his sinister hand luring misguided youths in the classrooms:

"There are, unfortunately, a number of students who may decide to cram; they may manage to persuade some of their more prosaic though better equipped

friends to sit in some particular chair of the examination room. . . Northwestern has no honor system for examinations, which makes copying something of an exciting contest between teacher and pupil. Some people find it very exciting to 'fox' the professor and then laugh it off later. All of which seems to justify things like Capone."

Naughty, naughty little co-ed! Mamma Verges spank!

"Instead of making up only the number of minutes that any girl is late, however, she must make up double this amount. In this manner, a girl who is fifteen minutes late must return a half an hour early from her next late permission."

Our bold Daily dares to question the gospel of our efficient Women's Self-Government Association: that the tender co-ed here must be thoroughly protected by organized government. And it is this burst of logic and analogy that drives its point home:

"There are, of course, a great many girls working in the Boston Store, for instance, with less social intelligence (*sic*), with the same number of miles separating them from home, and with the same number of years of experience (*sic*). Somehow, they do without government associations, and, in spite of Hearst, there aren't a great many who fall into evil ways."

Ah, the pitiful status of our freshmen women here is dramatically revealed. Is it to be wondered why our co-eds become hardened, cynical, and cold-blooded wenches when the hard-hearted university causes them to suffer such mighty abominations?

"We, the undersigned, firmly believe that the quality of the food served in Willard hall has deteriorated in the last few weeks and that fewer concoctions and more wholesome food should be served. We believe that the price of

boarding at Willard hall should enable the university to fulfill this request immediately."

Schopenhaim! A new name rises on the horizon of philosophy! A new genius of thought! A new—or maybe it is none other than that arch-Pyrrhonist Schopenhauer our Daily struggles to quote:

"Women, according to Schopenhaim, are flighty."

My, my what an ornery bunch of vicious students we breed these days! Are they tough? Why, they care little about violating a sacred tradition of our good institution RIGHT OUT IN PUBLIC. But it is our worthy Men's Union that rushes bravely to the fore and downs the evil serpent or something:

"There is one tradition that has stood out from all the rest during the entire history of Northwestern. It has been strong in the past due to the loyalty, reverence, and unselfishness of former students and faculty. Now it is tottering and needs the support of every organization and individual on the campus. Do your part by refusing to smoke



and refusing to let others smoke in your presence on our south campus.

Men's Union,
Committee on Traditions, History."

No one can accuse our good Daily, metropolitan and worldly newspaper that it is, of lacking in the finer and more delicate shades of subtle imagination, when these picturesque words are read (or do they refer to our co-eds?):

". . . All of which leads to the question of how far the undergraduate cow may wander in these green pastures of education ere milking time."

THE FORTUNATE SURVIVOR

THE SMALL boat gradually approached the lonely, desert island. Anxiously the four sea-men scanned the shores until a solitary figure became visible on the sands. With increased inspiration they propelled the craft towards the immobile figure and soon clambered out to greet him.

"We saw your distress signal from our ship," cried their spokesman to the strange inhabitant of the tiny island, "we are from the S. S. Halcyon, bound for Santiago. You are a survivor from some ship-wreck?"

"Yes," nodded the figure, "two years ago five companions and I, the sole survivors of the wreck of the Narcissus, reached this island after days of drifting."

"And where are your companions?"

"Dead, all dead!"

"Dead? Why, what happened?"

"Died of starvation—there is not a particle of food to be obtained on this island."

"But you! How did you—Ah, I see now. You drew lots to sustain yourselves on the bodies of the losers, and so you have been keeping up your ghastly feasts to this day—!"

"Not at all," spoke the survivor gently, "I buried them all, complete and whole, behind yonder tree."

"A likely story," cried the sea-man, "how then have you managed to live for two years without food while all your companions have perished?"

The survivor smiled quietly. "No mystery about it at all, gentlemen; you see, of all my comrades I alone had the good fortune to have lived for four years in a fraternity house. By the way, could you by any chance spare a ham sandwich?"

LOGICAL

Voices in the dead of night in the dorm:

"Wake up, quick, wake up!"

"Can't."

"Why not?"

"Ain't sleeping."

Fraternity Man's Slogan:

"Familiarity breeds attempt."

FRATERNITY-SORORITY LOVE BUREAU

DEAR MISS DORIS DRAKE:

Of late I know a Sigma Chi who is wont to use profane language in front of my children; and, furthermore, he eats peas with mashed potatoes on his knife. Otherwise he is a perfect gentleman. What should I do?

Lonesome Lover.

You might try serving French fried potatoes.

DEAR MISS DRAKE:

I have went steady with a blond Chi Omega in a Ford but last night she insisted on walking. Now I ask you, do

you think she still loves me or shall I buy a bigger car?

Wondering.

If you have a Ford and she is a Chi O I am sure she will learn to love you. Try Listerine.

DEAR MISS DRAKE:

I am a Theta at Northwestern. My boy friend says I have that certain indefinable something called "IT." What does he mean?

Satisfied.

In your case I would hesitate to answer.

E. M. J.

"No, Oscar, a neckerchief is not necessarily the president of a sorority."





POLLYANNA

POLLYANNA, my left eyebrow!

If I get a good look at the brother who told me about all the snap courses, I'll write a sonnet sequence about him. They weren't snaps, as I found out on the finals.

Speaking of finals, isn't it silly to see everyone start sweating blood over the books over exam week? I heard an English prof say that boning for exams was all rot. Another English prof told the class not to study *all* night before the final.

And they say there was a psych prof who ordered his students to read a detective story before the ex. And the religion prof who handed back the exam questions to some coed, saying to her: "Take *that* home and put it in your fraternity files!"

As if it weren't bad enough to take exams, the whole campus comes down with flu the first week! Altogether, it was a good thing the Charity Ball came just when it did. Most of us women had forgotten how to act on a date. And

after all, what are we in college for?

HAL WOODS—Alky Richardson. Listen, how extensive is this tour of the Women's Quadrangle?

Bert Riel goes down in tradition as the guy that ruined a backboard. That shot of his—clear from the center of the court—was absolutely the most beautiful throw I've ever seen. It took us ten minutes to bring Harry Moyer back to consciousness after that. When he did regain life, the first thing he said was:

"Two rah's, a vo-do, three cheers, a row-dow, and a huzza for the Building and Grounds Committee." So we knocked him out again.

The Pi Phis would appreciate it if Bob Lockhart will send Jean Carlson another pie. Make it cherry this time.

Shakespeare class was notable for the sight of Betty Freeman helping Bernard (Antony) Cohn, on with his coat—day after day. It looked like a good racket, but Cohn never tips more than a penny.

Lou Yeager quit school, for which we are sorry. She wants to swim and play

around. She's engaged anyway, so whathehell?

Say, there are a couple of freshman boys that are about the cutest things this campus has seen for years. They're medium height, and one has quite blonde hair while the other's hair is glossy black. They both wear light cords, and one of 'em drags around a cute little trick, also blonde, with an oval face and great big blue eyes. The three of them look like they had just walked out of the movies. Any information as to names will be appreciated. Old Aunt Polly is getting old, and youth is fascinating, you know.

Speaking of youth, will somebody tell John Carter that this is a university, not a kindergarten?

Katie Foote and Tom started blithely out to see the ski-jump. After getting to the south side of Chicago, somebody told them the jumping was done away past Gary. So, Katie being a pledge, they went to a movie and got in by ten.

Wamps is advised to make his dating calls earlier than 12:30.

It was worth the price of the basketball ticket to see the smile Marshall threw Dottie Verges every time the ball got on that side of the court.

Shirl Frederick quit school also, without taking any of her finals. Which was very good on the sorority average, of course.

THERE were twelve girls from one sorority down at Newberry Library one Saturday not long ago, and at least twelve other women from school. Going in for education in a large, round way. Even the bums in the park across the street got educated, just watching the girls walk by.

Pipe the diamond on Helen Wageman, too! Nothing has been seen like it since Pete Walgreen got Justin made General Manager of Walgreen's.

As for us, we wore a new formal to a post-exam celebration, and got it home without so much as a cigarette burn. And then stepped through the front of it trying to hang it up!

"Bendit!" Rachel's date cried, "Give me beck de criss from de pents!"

School? Aw, nertz! Let's go bat—until midsemesters, anyway.

AUNT POLLY



"Oh yes, our girls are quite regular in coming in—about an hour late every night."

FOR GOOD OLD ETA PI

David Nowinson

THIS MEETING is political, the fraters analytical, as one and all assemble for the annual election. The house is decked in glaring red to brighten and to knock-'em-dead, a scarlet that will serve to fire up the hot selection. Each member who is here tonight is grim and girded for the fight; that, at least, is what one speaker bellows. But if the truth were really told, a different story would unfold, so wander in and meet some of the fellows.

Just in case you'd like to know all about this torrid show, and wonder whom the cheers are for—not forgetting why, you can take down this brief note that the men are soon to vote for the Most Exalted Mogul of our good old Eta Pi.

The platform now is taken by Retiring Mogul Raiken, and the membership dusts off its hands and claps. "Any eats served, do you think?" a voice questions. "Or a drink?" "What I'm hoping," calls a brother. "Wait. Perhaps."

RETIRING MOGUL RAIKEN

Dear Eta Pi brothers, I'm sad. You know why.
O great-hearted fellows, I don't want to cry. (CHEERS)
Let's drink to the future, whatever it be,
While the noble cheer's led by Brother Gus Glee. (BEERS)

GUS GLEE

We always drink
our liquor
straight,
With us no other
group can rate,
None else with us
can vie—
We're good old
Eta Pi!
In an era of
modernity,
We're branded in
fraternity.
We're out to do
or die
For good old
Eta Pi!

What are all the others—what are all the brothers doing while this is taking place? It isn't quite absurd to think they're hanging on each word, but listen in on them for just a space:

"And then when I looked she was gone
Just the night that I had nothing on."

"Shall we vote for John Smith or John Jones?"
"What's the odds, boy? Now just roll them bones!"
"Why the innocent thing says it's sin
If you can't get pure Golden gin."
"No roller skates? Mud in your eye!
The dirt you dish up is all rye."

RETIRING MOGUL RAIKEN

The candidates, no doubt, would like to be heard.
Brother Jones will oblige, I am sure, with a word.

For a fee wise Gus Glee and his friends, pluggers three, all
set up a cheer for Jones' candidacy.

PLUGGERS

He loves all the Kellys and the Cohns.
He's as great as his name—and this is Jones.

The brothers all greet this with gladsome cry. If you look in
your telephone book, you'll know why.

He's coon-skinned and fat. The old platform groans beneath
the great weight of

CANDIDATE JONES

Thanks, kind
friends, and
you, too, Gus:
I really don't
deserve this
fuss.
Brothers, you and
I will ride
Right out to the
fray.
Let us fight!
Armed for battle,
side by side,
We'll bring votes
my way.
Right is might!

While some may rave and others rant and some the speaker's
words enchant, just hear the plugger chorus pant:

PLUGGERS

He's a prince—he's a knight—he's a lord!
He's a fighter—and honesty's his sword!



"He's as great as his name—and this is Jones."

Josephine O'Brien



The figure is greeted with cheers and hurrahs by the pluggers and audience true to the cause. Don't think for a minute this noise is a joke. Just hear the great hubbub and watch the thick smoke.

PLUGGERS

He's just a great big bouncing boy,
To every campus pet a joy.
Of him, kind friends, let's make no bones—
His name, of course, is Johnny Jones.

VOICE

And when it comes to rolling bones—
You'll lose your shirt to Johnny Jones.

They all look at Jones who smiles under the chaff, and at his calm nod there goes up quite a laugh. The pluggers seize on this opportune time to bellow forth still another smart rhyme.

PLUGGERS

Brothers, don't we need this bloke?
A guy who always takes a joke?
Of course we do! Then raise those tones
To honor good old Johnny Jones!

The pluggers now begin the applause and the house is soon one mass of hurrahs. It's men like these who win the day—and thus through college work their way.

There's clapping of hands, and stamping of feet, and cries to suggest that John Jones can't be beat. He beams, takes a bow and continues to bleat:

I am just a simple man
Who hasn't much to say,
One of you.
Brothers urging me, I ran,
Though I don't expect much pay
To accrue.
Now, old fraters, listen in
And I'll tell
You true—
Why it is I ought to win,
And what I'm going to do.

PLUGGERS

He's fair and he's square and he's always true blue.
And good old John Jones will now tell what he'll do.

CANDIDATE JONES

Here's my platform, noble brothers, and you will agree it's time

To alter speechifying and to coupletize the rhyme.

PLUGGERS

Yes, you will agree it's time
To coupletize the rhyme.

CANDIDATE JONES

I'm for less study, higher marks,
Fewer classes, and more larks;
Better booze and classy dates,

All good shows at low cut rates;
Heavy beers and heavier neckers.
Athletics, too, like chess and checkers;
When I'm Most Exalted Mogul I'll
Turn each frown into a smile;
My motto, too, is "Do or Die!"
I'll give my all for Eta Pi!

PLUGGERS

His motto, too, is "Do or Die!"
He'll give his all for Eta Pi!

(Hisses, cheers, and calls for beers, Yells and jeers, and whispered sneers.)

RETIRING MOGUL RAIKEN

No time for more speeches, gang; it's
late as I suspected;
I move that Brother Jones be unani-
mously elected.

Balloting is taking place—it's over in a minute. The Mogul's chair is occupied, and John Jones is now in it.

EPILOGUE

MOGUL JONES

Has that gang of nitwits gone?
Now, Gus, keep your shirt on.
Here's five whole smacks and six more, too:
I'll leave the divvy up to you.

EX-MOGUL RAIKEN

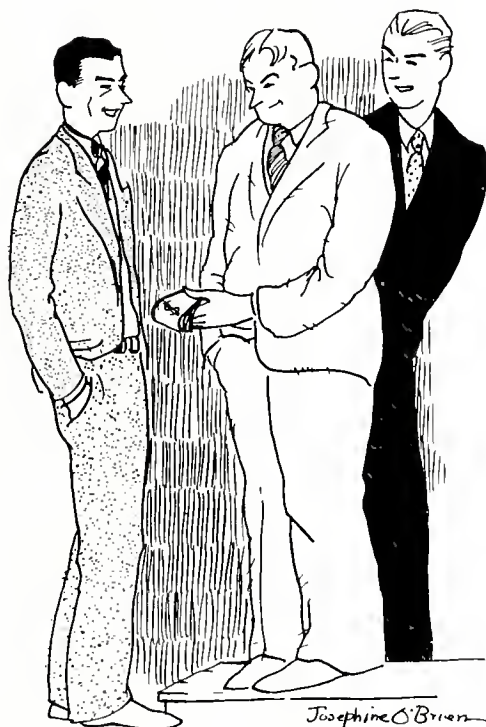
That's oke for Gus Glee,
But what about me?

MOGUL JONES

You turned the trick, just as you said.
Of this fraternity I'm head.
I'll pay you like I said I would—
I always pay when jobs are good.
My coonskin coat, my latest flame,
I give you these—you've played the game!

They drink to Great Jones, who is everyone's friend. Election is over and this is

THE END



"I always pay when jobs are good."



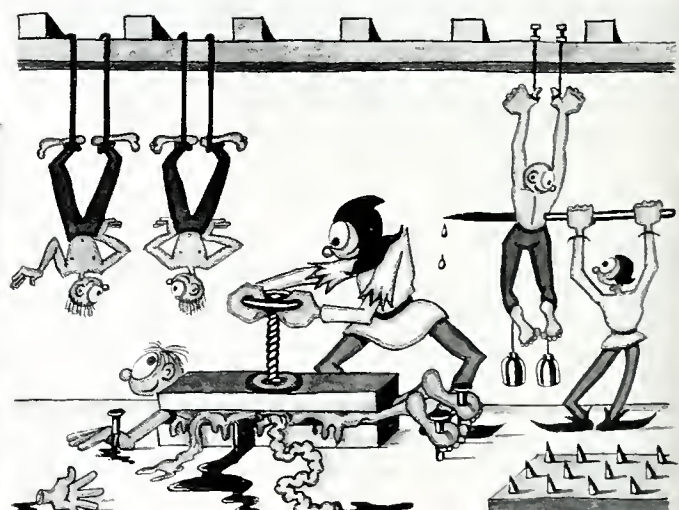
Prometheus, class of 984 B. C., University of Olympus, is initiated into Beta Theta Pi.



Lady Godiva, class of 1062, U. of Coventry, is publicly initiated into ye Pye Bethe Phye.



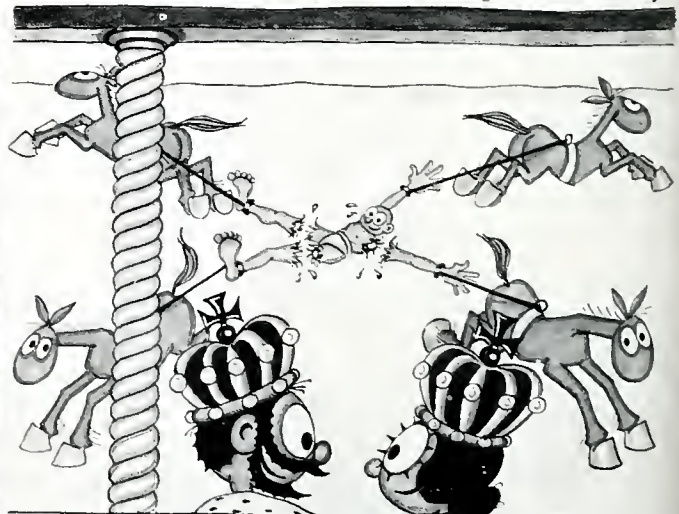
Joan of Arc, class of 1431, University of Rouen, joins i'Alfoux Fe sorority.



Students of ye class of 1502, Inquisition College, are initiated into Tough Deltte Phye.



Mary, Queen of Scots, class of 1587, U. of London, joins ye Alphaugh Epsilon Phye.



Pierre Damiena, class of 1757, U. of Paris, is initiated into i'Deltaux Upsilonloun.

Irv Breger

FAMOUS INITIATIONS IN HISTORY



REVEALED—MANUAL OF FRATERNITIES

(Why Did I Live This Story)

TAKE BOB. Sure, go ahead—I don't want him. He's a Scribbler—I mean Phi Gam. I forgave him for hanging his pin on that Southern girl. I didn't care when he smashed up that plane, either. But when the Phi-Gams—I mean the Scribblers—went Scribbler—I mean Phi Gam—that was too much. There are things no coed will take.

You don't care for Bob? Then look over Bennie, from the other open house next door—the Wranglers. He taught me the real meaning of the verb, "to wrangle." If you don't like verbs, get Bennie to teach you astronomy. There's a lot to know about this science.

Or maybe you'd rather have a Beta. There's Chuck, of course. Don't worry too much about that girl back home—he doesn't.

If you go out for Phi Psis, you could endure that other Chuck. Red hair. Sings to you while he dances. Dances worse than he sings, if possible. Can't keep out of jail, though. Says he likes the free baths he gets there. Baths make him stand out from the rest of the house.

Your Daily Sig Chi can very well be

taken in Vin. He's a nice boy, especially if you like Buddy Rogers. If Vin's at the library, ask for that pledge whose name sounds like a weather report. Chili Southward is misleading, however, if you ask our housemother.

Nothing wrong with Bill of the D.U.'s, either, except that he seems to take an engagement seriously. So did the other girl.

Ted's a Delt. No, I don't either.

Must you be the sweetheart of Phi Delta Theta? Dick will do, if you're still young and active.

The only Sig Alph I know is not in this chapter. He and his sax should be drowned, along with the fellow who plays the chimes.

You wouldn't like Fred. He's a Phi Kap. You wouldn't like him, even if he weren't a Phi Kap.

That leaves you the entire Sigma Nu camp. They all understand a coed's conception of whoopee—that is, whoopee without—oh, drop around sometime, and let me tell you the answer.

BROAD MINDED

"O no, we're not superstitious at our house at all; why we think nothing of sleeping thirteen in a bed."

SOLEMN DECREE

Report of Men's Union committee: "... And these are our unalterable resolutions, but they can be changed to meet the wishes of the student body."

YES

Joining a fraternity is like playing strip-poker, only in poker you get your clothes back.

UNFORTUNATE

Even his best friends wouldn't tell him—so he flunked the exam.

PROPER SPIRIT

"Wake up, there's a fire in the quadrangle."

"Men's or women's?"

"Men's."

"Aw, let the damn thing burn."



"She returned his Sig Chi pin?"

"Yes. Tough on him, isn't it?"

"I'll say! He happens to be a Phi Delt."

CLASSIFICATION

There are two kinds of pledges: (1) those who hang up naughty pictures, and (2) those whose folks come over weekends.

THIS PLEDGING SYSTEM

"**W**HAT DO you think of pledging this fellow, Apone?"

"Pledge him? You're crazy!"

"Do you know that he is a descendant of the Jukes on his mother's side?"

"And from Jesse James on his father's?"

"His grandfather killed more people than Bluebeard."

"His relatives are either at Fort Leavenworth or Atlanta, Georgia."

"Yes, and his eldest brother was the first person electrocuted in Illinois."

"Not only that, but his father is the biggest bootlegger in Chicago."

"What?"

"What's that?"

"Why didn't you say that in the first place?"

"Where's that pledge pin?"

"Christ, we almost missed the best catch of the season."

"Hurry up, before the Pi Pi's get him!"

"Boy, we'll never get a chance like that again."

M. D.



"Congratulate me, Pop, I'm a Phi Gam!"



THE NEW SHOW

A. A. EDELSON

IF DAVID BELASCO saw *Scarlet Sister Mary* (Harris), a little devil of doubt must have pounced on him. A doubt that his decades of struggle to bring real effects to the American stage had not won all the bacon. *Scarlet Sister Mary* is unconvincing. On this score, the belief that *Porgy* and *Harlem* have taught Americans to expect the genuine Negro spirit on the stage, the newspapers, one after the other, have condemned Miss Barrymore's new play.

But it is manifest that so many elements of the play are out of swing with a vigorous realism, that one has the irritating feeling the actress is trying to say something, inarticulately, especially when she gets religion after twenty years of promiscuous sinning. Anyone can see that the singing and dancing at the unlucky wedding of Si May-e (Mary) is artificial, that Miss Barrymore's clothes are unsuitable, that many of the actors use affectation in voice and manner, that the real Negroes on the stage are listless, that the manifold climaxes are almost purposely weak and that melodramatic flourishes give the play its few spirited kicks. But under all these flaws it seems that some of the actors are trying to live the roles of South Carolina blacks, while others, particularly Miss Barrymore, are working in a half-real, stylized atmosphere.

Si May-e, for instance, doesn't use a southern accent. Among the Caucasian falsettos of the others, Miss Barrymore often speaks with a definite Scotch tang (as "I dunna ha'" for "I do not have"), and her emphasized r's ring out as though she were Irish or French or an opera singer. This is the good old quaint hill-billy, but she alone speaks it. She has most of the haughty air of the traditional Ethel, and her head is kept so high, her eyes flash so sharply and her smile is so fetching that her acting is obviously not that of an uneducated, seduced Gullah whose "sometime" husband takes up with a sinful witch. All

this makes of *Scarlet Sister Mary* an unskillful old-fashioned play which clashes foolishly and even ridiculously with modern tendencies.

Ethel Barrymore Colt and John Drew Colt, the eighth line in the acting family, appear in the cast at the Harris. The latter hasn't his name in the program, but Miss Colt, who is pretty and has a lovely voice, has speaking parts in two scenes. Her stilted, forced playing, however, is no criterion by which to judge her talents. The Dramatic League has two plays in the loop now; the other is *The Man in Possession* (Selwyn), with Leslie Banks and Isabel Jeans.

RIPPLES (ILLINOIS), with the three happy-looking Stones, Fred, Dorothy and Paula, is a precious kind of musical show. It is clean and merry and intimate and fast all the way. And it possesses the good-nature that always comes along with a good family



FRED STONE IN "RIPPLES"

show. Fred, less miraculous than usual, does a remarkable dance with crutches. The book tells about Rip, the grandson of Van Winkle, and gives everybody a chance to sing and dance as they do in the Catskills.

THE WAVE of social comedies concerning super-witty, idle rich American youth is still lapping around the Goodman stage. I think the floodgates should be used.

Lonsdale started all this. Americans thought they could write the way he did and shift the action from Chelsea to the suburbs of Manhattan. Then Philip Barry, influenced by the Russians, mixed Lonsdale and Chekoff. And now, Donald Ogden Stewart, in *Rebound*, copies verbatim from Barry. In *Holiday* and *Paris Bound* you may find every line or action or tendency of *Rebound*.

Stewart, known as a clever parodist, got a running start in the first act of his comedy, but the plot is too old and thin to finish. In the end the play is a general rehash, and long before that it fast becomes a general nuisance. It tries to be serious about the poignant side of the frivolous, bored cut-ups—but it is really a warning to Mr. Stewart to stick to pure comedy, just as Ring Lardner does.

Sara, as the play goes, is the bitter-sweet heroine. She is turned down by Johnny, and marries Bill, who has been rejected by Evie. In Paris, Bill meets Evie and forgets his wife. When the bunch get back home the situation is more strained, but suddenly Sara realizes that Bill doesn't love her because she has begged for his love. She stiffens her back, and Bill's admiration blooms anew.

I couldn't repress a laugh when Sara made this tremendous discovery of how to regain a husband. When *Zuleika Dobson* parodied the Scott romances, this business of getting on your knees for love was given an immortal ducking. But Mr. Stewart, in the interests of the new theatre, revives the saccharine sentiment and passes it as a legitimate brain-child. His naivete in substituting so childish a climax for the huge mental torments of Mr. Barry's characters in similar situations, turns the joke on himself, for this unskilled imitation smashes the play.

The fast-improving company plays *Rebound* with a professional polish. Ellen Root, Earl McDonald and Katherine Krug set a convincing pace for the frivolity and near-tragedy. But William Brenton, the juvenile, shows the same awkward stiffness he has displayed on former occasions.



WARD V. (VALENCE)— SEEKER OF IONS

THESE COLLITCH bozos get funnier 'n funnier. Honestly, gang, I'm gonna split a seam laughin' one o' these days!! You gels kin take off your corsets, 'n th' rest o' you tanks pipe this. I wuz messin' around th' chem lab th' other day an' a dumb wren came up to one o' th' wise boys an' sez—"I'm sorta worried. I went in to see Doc Evans yesterday. Everyone else had gone but I hung on to him 'n tried to get things jake, so I wouldn't flunk. Gee, Joe, do yuh think I did wrong?" 'N then that lil' cherub o' a bruiser snakes up n' sez "Sweetheart, don't you remember?"

Say! Another one like that 'n I'll pop 'n splatter all over this joint!! Evans ain't in th' English department, yuh know, so naturally, he's got as much use

for femmes as a peg legged old maid for a garter snake!!

Yuh know Doc's so tough he must shave with a blow torch! Gag on this—he locks th' door of his eight o'clock, 'n then you watch a freshman try to get in his class late,—I ain't got th' heart to look! 'N can yuh sleep in his class? Th' answer is yah, and forever more will ye sleep and ne'er awake! That guy can toss more soiled crevices in th' direction of a sleepin' freshman than Babe can toss home runs!! 'N ease this one down—his cracks are dirty enough to grow a crop o' potatoes in 'em! 'N if yuh want it to be curtains for you in

th' chem building just let Doc catch yuh cribbin' on a quiz—but yuh better be sure to have something on yuh that will identify th' remains!!

I sorta figger th' Doc got his trainin' back in them days when he was a star end on his collitch football team. Cantcha just hear th' grandstand cheerin' for

Ward V.—th' big handsome brute!!

'Nother thing—that hombre tickles th' ribs o' his freshmen with a brand o' bedtime story what couldn't be tied to anybody but Ward V. himself. Say! His line o' funny ones is strong enough to hang clothes on, but it oughta be, 'cause it's old enough to vote!! In fact a grad, what was old enough not to be ashamed o' his rheumatics, came to me 'n wanted to know if th' Doc still peeps up

his lectures with "boys 'n girls on a dance floor, 'n bronchos 'n cowboys," which is just th' Doc's simple way o' explainin' th' theories o' equilibrium!

O' course th' Doc is just a born humorist. Believe it or no—he was president of our own dear Board of Publications a couple years ago! But he resigned his job after firin' 2 or 3 editors.

Enyhew I ain't got no kick comin' with him. He's one o' th' better campus traditions 'n I'll give him a tin sardine if he'll get a new tie 'n stop annually choppin' off a couple inches o' that black string, he wears, as it stretches below his belt!! Amen.

An' Co.



*Little Joe Collitch, take it from me
This guy Evans is tough as can be
He'll razz 'n cuss 'n treat you damned rough
'N Allah's no help, if you don't know your
stuff.*

DIGNITY

Are they strict in our house? Say, when a brother dies during dinner they prop him up in his seat till the end of the meal.

SHOOT THE WORKS

Active: "C'mon upstairs and have a shot."

Pledge (awed): O, sir, do you even have a shooting gallery here?"

THE FRATERNITY MAN (A History in Two Scenes)

Scene I

Age 12 years. Can't go out to play—must take care of baby.

Scene II

Ten years later. Flunks exams—same reason.

VILLAIN

Meet Joe the Tattoo-Man—he has designs on every co-ed around here.



"Darling, am I the first man you ever loved?"

"Yes, Reginald, all the others were fraternity boys."



Visitor (in Theta House): "And is this the lodge room?"

Sally Gwin: "Ah, deah me, it is rathah lodge, but ouah living room is somewhat lodgah."

SATISFIED

"Ah yes, we are quite satisfied with conditions at the house—we have no room for complaint."

REBELLION

Kappa housemother (over phone): "Doctor, O doctor, come quick, one of our girls is breaking out!"

"Well, just hold her till I get there."

AXIOM

The life of the sorority pledge is made up of Dues and Don'ts.

THERE WERE 3 SORORITY MAIDENS—

The House, I think, was Tri Delt—or Pi Phi—or Chi O;
At any rate it happened not so very long ago.
Three girls were young and lovely and had no date in sight,
So to a show
they said they'd go,
all three of them that night.

And one was tall and one was small and one was in-between,
As they left the dear old campus to see the movie screen.

Now it happened that a Beta—or a Phi Psi—or a Delt,
Was slowly stag'ring homeward, a load beneath his belt.
He couldn't find his brothers; he felt just like a louse,
He feebly swore
he'd look no more,
but try this lovely house.

He found a lonely bedroom; the beds looked neat and clean,
One was tall and one was small and one was in-between.

He tried the first, t'was too large; the second it was small.
He finally flopped his body on the one against the wall.
He lay in sodden comfort and went right off to sleep.
His bones were sore,
his basso snore
soon pierced the silence deep.

The girls saw all the movie. They stopped in for ice-cream,
The tall one and the small one and the other, in-between.

They reached their house a-talking of this or maybe that,
A-chittering and a-chattering for an hour or two they sat.
Then slowly up the stair-way, their feet did take our three.
They shed their hose,
their these and those,
and other things, you see.

They donned their three pajamas, orchid, pink, and green,
And one was tall and one was small and one was in-between.

The tall one pulled her covers back and climbed into her bed;
"Who has been the vandal that's been in here?" she said.
The small one pulled her cover back, then wrathfully she spoke,
"They messed mine too,
I wonder who
thinks this might be a joke."

The tall one and the small one, their eyes with wrath agleam,
Both looking at their roommate, (the one that's in-between.)

There she stood quite puzzled, wond'ring what to do,
For you see the situation was altogether new.
So finally this in-between (whose bed was next the wall),
Climbed into bed—

"Good-night" she said,—
—and that my dears is all.

"Pip-squeak."

A STIRRING STORY WITH A MORAL

OSWALD WAS destined to be a Big Shot at any college. He was one of these Active People you hear and see so much of and who sustain the activities of the college, including all the useless ones.

The day he registered in his freshman year he obtained a gleaming white watch chain and spread it across his vest, ready to be adorned with keys and medallions. As a sort of decoy he bought the college emblem in the form of a neat medallion, and hung it upon the chain, and awaited results.

In the course of time there hung proudly upon that chain a medallion of the humor monthly of the college, one of the daily paper, one of the literary magazine, one of the Men's Union, one of the Circus Board of the college, one of the Student Council, and one of Juniors' Honor Society. But that was not all; Oswald belonged to three professional fraternities, two honorary, and one social, and all were represented by gleaming keys on the chain.

Yes, Oswald was an imposing figure as he strutted down the campus, the keys and medallions tinkling in a symphony of prestige. Ever was his coat opened, for all the world to see; it did.

One unfortunate day Oswald accidentally fell into the lake adjoining the campus. His fellow-students viewed the incident in great glee, for Oswald, an able swimmer, would undergo little more than the annoyance of presenting an undignified appearance. But Oswald appeared not at all. Alarmed, his comrades searched the waters, but no Oswald was found.

For, little did they know that poor Oswald had sped downward to the bottom of the lake like an anvil. And despite his mighty efforts he could not rise, but remained anchored to the bottom by his imposing keys and medallions—forevermore, a true and noble martyr to college organizations.

SUFFICIENT

"I am a member of the Delta Delta Delta."

"All right, I heard you the first time."

IN SOME

"Yes, I guess we'll pledge you. Ever have any disease?"

"Oh sir, is that absolutely necessary to join your fraternity?"

CONSIDER

"Hey, get up!"

"Wassamatter?"

"Just want to tell you that you got only two more hours to sleep."





"Hey, no parking there!"

"Sir, I'll have you know I'm a Delta."

"I don't care if you're a whole damn peninsula, get that can outta there!"

LUNATIC'S LULLABY

ONCE UPON a time, 'twas in the land of slime,
I took a happy walk with a porcupine.
The bugs were there, eating alligator pears,
And the Thetas were out on their fifty-fourth tear.

"Two-thirty," he cried, as he fell with a thud,
And the gold-fishes climbed underneath the rug.
"There'll be no stew in this house tonight,"
And the Pi Phi went out for another pint.

The left-handed pillow turned white as a sheet,
And a holler went out from a fifty-cent seat.
"There's a light on our starboard," the captain cried,
But the Chi O just giggled—she was so pie-eyed.

The calendar jumped and turned 'round so fast;
September kicked April right square in the rear.
The rails came along and the train jumped loose,
For the D.G.'s were smoking back in the caboose.

'Round and 'round the canary swam;
Who knows were, who gives a damn.
Spit's a horrid word but it's worse in the eye.
Don't shoot, I'll marry that poor Alpha Chi.

The hands in the clock took time out for lunch,
As the banana hollered "I'm through with this bunch."
If you see any sense in this mad repartee
You belong to the Tri-Delt sorority.

A. K.

HEH!

"Do you know why the Kappas wear high heels?" he cried. "So they can raise their minds to a higher level!" (Heh, heh, how we all laughed in clean, honest merriment.)

CHOICE

"Think we ought to get a chaperon for our house dance, or would a referee be better?"

PIETY

"Is your roomie religious?"

"Only when I swipe his last clean shirt."

SOMETIMES

"Hey, frosh, don't spit on that floor!"
"Wassamatter, floor leak?"

HAPPY FAMILY

"O no," cried the luring young female.
"I never get homesick: I have a Big Sister, a sorority mother, and a fraternity papa."

BROTHERHOOD

Visitor: "You boys must have a lovely time here altogether."

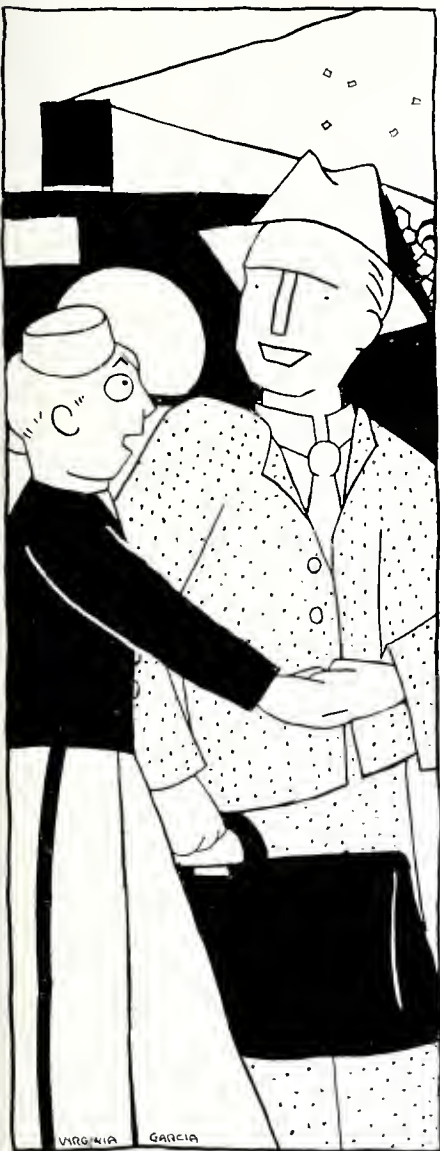
Brother: "Ah yes, just like a great big congenial poor-farm."

Theme song of the Alpha Phis:

"I didn't raise my shade to be a spectacle."

SORORITY PSALM

1. The Style is my Master; I shall not stray from it.
2. It maketh me sit in uncomfortable positions; it leadeth me to make my hair grow.
3. Thou prepareth a table before me from which I may not eat lest I ruin my figure; thou anointeth my lips with rouge; my skirt slippeth downward.
4. Lo, the Master hath decreed the burning weed; my breath is foul; my tongue is scorched.
5. It maketh me vent scorn upon males of little or no fraternity; it keepeth me from being seen with them; so it maintaineth my rating.
6. Thou conformeth me to a single standard so I may be like unto my sistern; thou keepeth me from indulging in things my sistern do not; thou maketh me deadly conventional and lacking in enterprise and originality.
7. Yea, I shall ever be of care that I smirch not the good name of my house; though I put away my prudence at times thou wilt make me take great care not to be caught.
8. Surely discomfort and torture shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of STYLE forever.



"Your grip, sir?"
"Well, well, shake! Glad to see we have a chapter in this damn burg."

BAD BARGAIN

Active (with pride): "And what made you come to dear old Northwestern?"

Rushee: "Well, sir, I won a Northwestern pennant with cigarette coupons, and they wouldn't exchange it."

ASSOCIATION

"How are all the little pigs down on the farm?"

"Fine, and how are the pledges at your house?"

Theme Song of the Initiation Ceremony:

"Bottoms Up."



GREEK INQUISITION

TO MOTHER



BOOKS OF THE MONTH

Margaret Kiner, Editor

FESTIVAL

Struthers Burt

“**W**HAT ACT of Legislation was there that *thou* shouldst be happy? . . . Close thy Byron; open thy Goethe.”

What a shame that the characters in *Festival* didn't know Carlyle! Particularly *Sartor Resartus*. What a shame that Struthers Burt doesn't know Carlyle, especially the philosophy of work which would make him realize his short-sightedness in creating more idle, sophisticated, self-centered people in a world where they are already too abundant, only to leave them in the end still floundering about helpless and unaided. If Struthers Burt would study *Sartor* carefully, further excuse for creating superficialities would be eliminated leaving him free to respond to Carlyle's command “Know Thy Work” and to apply the perfect mastery of his prose to the creation of really worthwhile people.

If Dorn Griffiths, undoubtedly the author's mouthpiece, could have read *Sartor Resartus*, his romantic splurge would have run its course naturally, and without an excess of agony would have left him with an answer to his philosophic ruminations and a feeling of satisfaction to boot. As it is in the end he is just where he started from: still baffled, still defeated despite his wealth and material success, and still seeking the complement of life, love. If Delice could have substituted a course in Carlyle for her cogitations on sex and how to be “sure of herself,” the motive behind her awakening would have been more substantial than the trite excuse of an accident resulting in “minor cuts about the face.” And finally, our remedy for Dee would be a dozen copies of Stevenson's motto in small frames (probably of silver

for Dee) hung about her apartment: “Busyness is not activity.”

Work, work, work for all of them. “Close your Byron; open your Goethe.” The elimination of the characteristic “too much” of everything in these people and in its place a rational sane purpose balanced by a rational sane pleasure.

M. K.

PORTRAIT BY CAROLINE

Sylvia Thompson

IN *A Portrait by Caroline* Sylvia Thompson has presented a picture of English life so precisely and effectively drawn that it is easily comparable in its clear-cut photography to some of the pictures in Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga*. The book has a definite “atmosphere” which completely surrounds the reader to the utter oblivion of the real outside world. The characters live. One hears them talk in their low, sophisticated voices, and sees them catch their breath, breathe quickly, then shift their glances and phrases to maintain the superficial harmony of their lives. Most of all one *feels* this well-regulated life rather than sees or hears it. The luxuriance of the atmosphere penetrates like the memory of a “warm, scented bath,” to quote Caroline's own phrase, when one is harassed, cold, and miserable. On and on one drifts in this well-regulated, highly sophisticated picture of a cultured life when suddenly a phrase, a glance, a sense that something has been avoided, something left out that should have been told, and our complacency is interrupted, leaving the feeling that something is wrong. This vague “something” is never definitely expressed. It can never be pigeon-holed under one's thumb and a remedy can never be applied. It can only be felt and realized.

A very interesting vagary in the author's style.

The title *A Portrait by Caroline* might easily have the sub-title, *A Portrait of Caroline*, because as Caroline paints Peter on her canvas in the dull oils of a student, a dreamer, and an author, she paints herself in the impulsive, restless, difficult colors of temperament, an artist's temperament. Life is still a little unreal, a little unsteady to Caroline. It is a huge canvas to her with the people and the scenes in her life done in oil. As the sun shines more brightly on one side of the picture, the other side “fades” out of her life. She forgets that she has had any life, any contacts, or emotions other than those of the present. As a result, she is a difficult person to know, still more difficult to live with. Because of this shifting unreality of life to her she stands inert before the baffling problems of humanity. She is unable to penetrate “the forest-clearing of the present,” and so remains stagnant in a certain sense.

On Caroline's canvas of life is her husband, Maurice, painted in rather subdued colors, but for whom one has a very definite sympathy. Maurice is a doctor and a bit of a dreamer now and then. He tries to act like a rational human-being in an irrational atmosphere and to retain the correct balance of life. Some years before, he gave up his research work and settled down into a steady practice in order that he might give to his wife and child the standard of living they desired. There is a definite longing in his make-up for freedom beyond and away from the self-inflicted difficulties in the lives about him. Nevertheless, just as he devotes his strength to his science, so does he devote his soul to Caroline; and as he longs for his freedom, so does he long for her contentment. A pathetic creature in a way torn between conflicting emotions. Despite Maurice's common-sense he is the last one to realize that after all the rift that disturbed the well-ordered surface of their lives could not be controlled regardless of their “rationalizing and sophistication,” that some things were above powers of thought.

And so we hang the *Portrait of Caroline* into that eternal art gallery, “an indefinite lapse of time,” and hope it survives to be seen again.

Margaret Kiner.



PARROTINGS

Shirlee Frederick, Editor

DOES NOT PERTAIN TO CO-EDS

When Eve passed 'round the luscious fruit.

Then clothing came in style;
We'll have to pass the fruit again
Methinks, in a short while.

North Carolina "Wataugan."

Automobile Driver to Girl who has
succeeded in begging a ride of him:
"How far are you going?"

She: "I knew there was a catch in it."
The Vanderbilt "Masquerader."

BETTER PLACE

Lady Passenger: "Does this car stop
at the President Hotel?"

Conductor: "No, ma'am—we leave it
in the sheds at night."

Colgate "Banter."

Ticket Agent: "This ticket costs \$50
and allows you a three day hangover in
St. Louis."

Buyer: "And how much if I don't
get drunk?"

Stevens Stone "Mill."

DEDUCTION

A little Canadian boy had never seen
a negro before, so when he saw one he
asked his uncle, "Why does that woman
black her face?"

"She doesn't; that's her natural color,"
was the reply.

"Is she black like that all over?" the
boy pursued.

"Why, yes," said his uncle.

The boy looked up beaming. "Gee,
uncle," he exclaimed, "you know every-
thing, don't you?"

North Carolina "Wataugan."

He: "Shall we go outside for a little
walk?"

She: "You boys have the funniest way
of saying what you mean."

Tennessee "Mugwump."

"Is your baby a boy or a girl?"

"Of course, what else could it be."
Stone "Mill."

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

Art: "I'd like you to paint a portrait
of my late uncle."

Artist: "Bring him in."

Art: "I said my late uncle."

Artist: "Well, bring him in when he
gets here."

Washington "Dirge."

BIRTH CONTROL

He: "You see if we enter a compan-
ionate marriage we can live together a
while and then, if we find we've made a
mistake, we can separate."

She: "Yes—but—what'll we do with
the mistake?"

North Carolina "Wataugan."

MODERNIZATION

"——— and mother," said little
Betty enthusiastically describing her first
morning at Sunday School, "Onward
Christian Soldiers' was the theme song."

The Illinois "Siren."

"Ah cherie—je t'adore."

"Aw shut the door ya'self—you opened
it."

The Lehigh "Burr."

Dean of Women (to co-ed) "Do you
smoke?"

Sweet Co-ed: "No thank you, Miss
MacDonald, I just had one."

Buffalo "Bison."

"Whaffo you sharpenin' 'at razor?"

"Woman, they's a paih of gemmens'
shoes undeh you bed. If they ain't no
niggah in them shoes ah's going to
shave."

The "Siwasher."

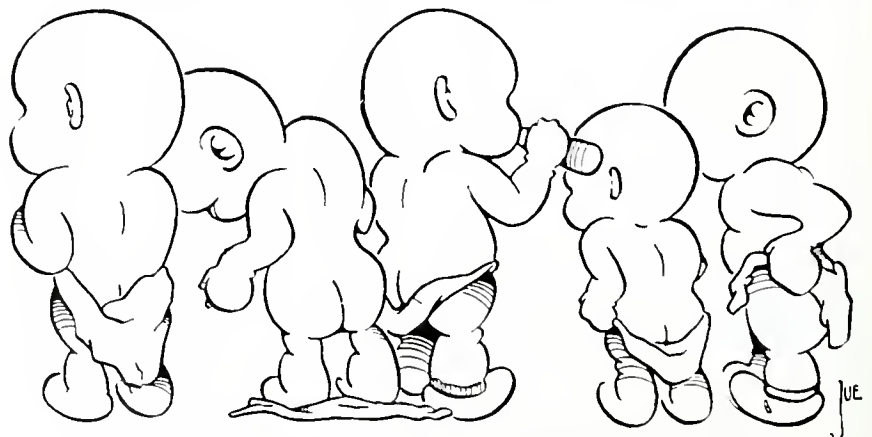
Minnesota Ski-U-Mah

"Pardon me, sir," said the absent
minded professor looking in the mirror,
"But haven't I seen you some place be-
fore?"

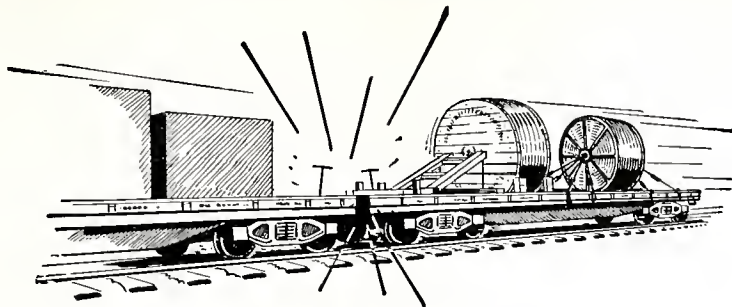
Dartmouth "Jack O'Lantern."



*This is not, as you might think, a Sig Chi having a work-out with a Tri-Delt friend,
but merely a couple of Phi Kaps practicing the grip.*



*The Kappa Alpha Theta pledge class of 1951 waiting for their pins.
Minnesota Ski-U-Mah*



The cars that collided on purpose— for a laboratory test!



Slow movies of the test caught what no eye could.

Crash! A flat car loaded with reels of cable slams into a standing freight train. A movie camera grinds away. Watching intently is a group of men — Western Electric engineers . . . What did such a test

show? Just this — that the new steel reel for telephone cable does not

break under severe impacts — and the old style reel may . . . The stag-

ing of this collision is just one more evidence of Western Electric's



Changing a familiar scene. Steel reels replace wood.



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never-ending quest for certainty . . . It is a part, too, of a policy

of giving new ideas a thorough trial — a policy which enables Western

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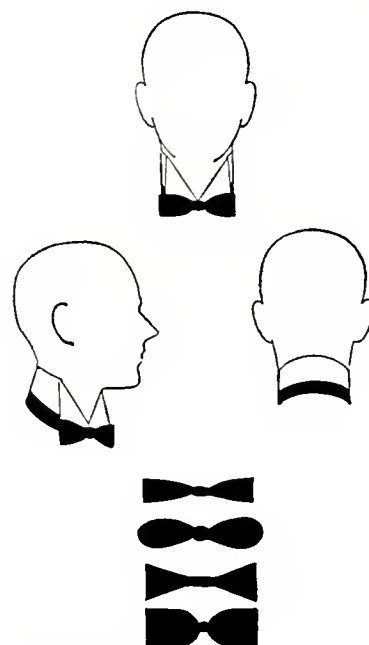
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CLOTHES FOR THE CAMPUS

The Correct Cut for Dress Collars
and Ties



© VANITY FAIR

The wing collar and bow tie of a formal or informal evening turn-out are the two accessories that must be immaculate if the complete turn-out is to be at all successful. Their smartness or lack of smartness stamps the entire outfit, for they are necessarily the most conspicuous part of an evening outfit.

A perfect fit is an elementary and very obvious requisite. The right line for the collar, its wings and the bow tie is the major consideration, and while most men can find ready-made collars and ties that will do very well, there are many who should have them made to order to suit their individual requirements.

The collar, for example, should be as high as possible without causing any discomfort or even an appearance of discomfort. It should show well above the jacket or tailcoat collar and slope slightly towards the front. The wings are large and cut well back, giving a man plenty of freedom in turning his head. At the front, the tabs that fasten the collar to the neckband of the shirt should be quite narrow to allow the collar to sit very low at that point.

In general, the accepted fashion in bow ties is the rather long, narrow type, extending a fraction of an inch beyond the wings of the collar. The ends may be square, rounded, or pointed according to a man's taste.



THIS IS TOO MUCH

"It's mighty tough on the Siamese twins to have to stick together."

"Yeh. But it's tougher when one twin is a year older and has to take the younger one everywhere he goes."

Johns Hopkins "Black and Blue Jay."

ANOTHER ONE

A Kibitzer is the unmarried part of the Siamese twins.

Dartmouth "Jack O'Lantern."

MMMMM!

"Thanks for your indulgence."

"Hell, I thought the typewriter was all you borrowed."

Washington "Columns."

Customer: "I don't like the flies in here."

Waiter: "Sorry, sir, there'll be some new ones in tomorrow."

Penn State "Froth."

THREE'S A CROWD

My room-mate says there are some things a girl should not do before twenty.

Well, personally, I don't enjoy a large audience either.

Carnegie Tech "Puppet."



It's a BLURB FEST

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TRAGEDY

Blue eyes gaze at mine.... Vexation
Soft hands clasped in mine Palpitation
Fair hair brushing mine... Expectation
Red lips close to mine.... Temptation
Lithe body close to mine.. Aspiration
Footsteps..... Damnation
West Point "Pointer."

Old lady (to street car motorman):
"Please, Mr. Motorman, will I get a
shock if I step on the track?"

Motorman: "No, lady. Not unless you
put your other foot on the trolley wire."
North Carolina "Wataugan."

A pretty school teacher who prided
herself on knowing the parents of all
her pupils, on the street car one day
said: "How are you, Mr. Smith?" Then
perceiving he was a total stranger, she
apologized: "I beg your pardon, I
thought you were the father of one of
my children."

Annapolis "Log."

"I'm going to shoot the man that mar-
ried my wife."

"But that's murder, isn't it?"

"No, it's suicide."

Annapolis "Log."

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CHICAGO



A little girl was taught to close her evening prayer during the absence of her father with: "Please watch over my papa."

Her father returned and her mother blushed when the child added: "And you better keep an eye on mother, too."

Tennessee "Mugwump."

WRETCHED PUN

"Why don't you help your sister out of the well?"

"How can I be a brother and assister too?"

South Dakota "Wet Hen."

Pete: "My wife doesn't understand me, does yours?"

John: "I don't know. I've never heard her mention your name."

"Lyre."

She: "But, dear, can't we live on love?"

He: "Sure, your father loves you, doesn't he?"

Vanderbilt "Masquerader."

Caller: "I wonder if I can't see your mother, little boy. Is she engaged?"

Willie: "Engaged, hell! She's married."

Grinnell "Malteaser."

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MS

A few copies of the
December issue
are still available

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Room 101

"How's the public sentiment out here?" asked a politician who was passing through Raleigh.

"Still going strong," answered a farmer. "There were sixteen cars parked in my lane last night."

North Carolina "Wataugan."

Like father, like son—but like daughter and you don't give a damn for the rest of the family.

Pennsylvania Punch "Bowl."

Father: "My answer depends upon your financial position."

Suitor: "And my financial position depends on your answer."

Harvard "Lampoon."

LATEST VOCATIONS

Jones: "Have you seen the mounted police in Chicago?"

Brown: "Ye Gods, are the gangsters stuffing them now after they shoot them?"

Lehigh "Burr."

CAVEMAN

Louise: "When someone kisses me I feel as though I had been struck a blow."

Bob: "So you turn the other cheek."

Louise: "No, I return blow for blow."

Bob: "Let's fight."

Wittenberg "Wit."

"These roads must be paved with good intentions."

"Like hell!"

"Yeah."

Washington "Dirge."

Hometown: "Where have you been for the last four years?"

College student: "At school taking medicine."

Hometown: "And did you finally get well?"

"Exchange."

He (in street car, seeing an ad for ice cream next to one of pickles): "Awful combination."

She (just getting into car): "Fresh! Keep your eyes to yourself."

M. I. T. "Voo Doo."

Prof.: "Some acids are stronger than others. I'll take carbolic acid as an example."

Class: "Whoopee!"

Illinois "Siren."

Judge: "You are accused of stealing a chicken. Have you anything to say?"

College man: "I just took it for a lark."

Judge: "No resemblance whatever. Ten days."

"Exchange."

DO YOU LIKE FASHIONS?

IF SO READ VANITY FAIR

Do you know where to purchase a hat that fits your face, or do you always cut the brim off (the hat) with a pair of scissors? . . . What are garters for, and where can they be purchased? . . . What did they wear at Epsom Downs this year—beer suits or two-buttoned sack coats? . . . Do you have to own a yacht to wear a yachting cap, and vice versa? . . . What are the various uses of biscuit-colored trousers? . . . Can you wear a linen suit without looking like a barber? . . . How many tons of raccoon coat should be worn to a football game on a warm day? . . . Will she ask you in, with *peaked* lapels? . . . Will she kick you out, with *notched* lapels? . . . It's important to know these things. Vanity Fair gives you the latest *outside* dope.

Try to figure out how much it would cost you to buy the most talked-of new books . . . to go to the best shows, cinemas and musical comedies . . . to visit the London tailors . . . to see the best new works of art in Paris . . . to attend the world's great sporting events . . . to arrange for demonstrations of the latest cars and planes . . . to learn the inner secrets of Backgammon and Contract Bridge . . . to go to the opera: in short, to know what's what about everything that is interesting and new in this modern and quick-moving world.



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